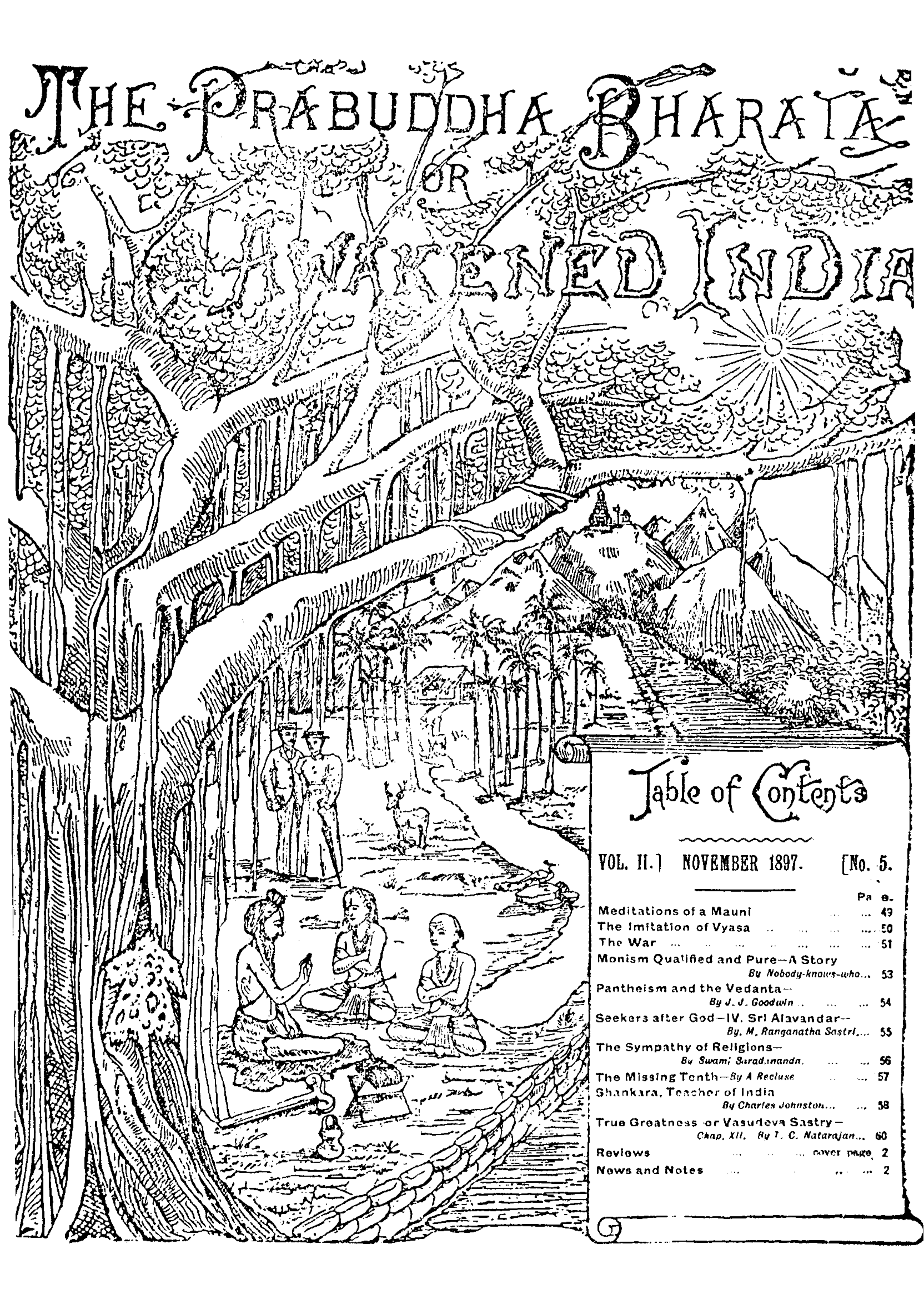


THE PRABUDDHA BHARATA OR THE WAKENED INDIA

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Reviews.

The Bhagavad Gita with the commentary of Sri Sankarāchārya, translated into English, by Mr. A. Mahādeva Sāstriyar, B. A., (Address:—Curator, Government Oriental Library, Mysore. Price: paper cover Rs. 3, cloth Rs. 4.) This is the first volume of a new series entitled 'Vedic Religion' in which it is proposed to publish 'English translations of some of the most important Ancient Scriptures of the Aryans' with authoritative commentaries. Judging from the book before us, we have no hesitation in saying that the series will be an excellent addition to anglo-oriental literature. Europeans have done all they can in the field of our ancient literature and it is now time for us to take it up. Several things which they have done through want of sympathy and proper understanding, have to be undone; and several others, like the translations of the Upanishads, have to be better done. Excepting the works of the late Mr. Telang, who, however, troubled himself more about the history and philology of our sacred literature than about its intrinsic merit, the present work of Mr. Mahādeva Sastriar is about the first respectable contribution to 'oriental' literature by a sympathetic Indian scholar. To translate Sankara's commentary is no easy affair and our Sastriar has done it well. It is as literal as could be desired and withal very clear. There are several abstruse passages in the original, as for example the latter half of the elaborate comment on XIII, 2; but these have been rendered into simple and idiomatic English and explained by means of footnotes which seldom fail their purpose. A typical example of these notes is the last one on page 230 which throws considerable light on the very abstruse discussion to which it is appended. The translation of the text is equally satisfactory; but a few observations may not be out of place. In XIV, 15, the word "Mūda Yonishu" is translated as "the wombs of the irrational"; in this place "deluded" or "ignorant" would perhaps have been better. Again in XII, 5, the word "dehavadbihī" might in agreement with the commentary have been rendered "for those who are attached to their bodies." The rendering of II, 46 is not sufficiently clear. Wilkins seems to totally misunderstand the passage, and Mrs. Bosant's rendering is nearly the same as that of our Sastriar. But these are very minor points. On the whole the translation is more literal than most of the current ones. Every page of the book bears testimony to the translator's scholarship and labour, and it is our sincere hope that the newly started Vedic Series would be at least as valuable as Trubner's Oriental Series.

The volume before us is only part I, and the second part which is in preparation will contain among other things a general introduction to the Gita, in which we would request our Sastriar—who by his scholarship and command of language is well fitted for the task—to undo the mischief which Mr. Telang has done by speaking of the Gita in as unsympathetic and irreverential manner as any, ill-informed orientalist might have done and saying that the book is full of contradictions, that it is wanting in system and that it contains a half-truth here and a half-truth there—which statement is incorrect from beginning to end.

Every genuine English-knowing student of the Vedānta should furnish himself with a copy of the present excellent work, which, besides giving an accurate translation of the comparatively short but supremely suggestive commentary of the great Bhāṣhyakāra, contains a faithful and consistent translation of the text of the Gita. The get-up is good and reflects great credit upon the business capacity and resources of Messrs. Thompson & Co. It would have been better however had the edges not been colored.

Srimat Patanjali Yoga Sūtras. A Canarese translation:—Elsewhere will be found an advertisement about this very valuable translation of the celebrated Yōga Sūtras of Patanjali. The rendering is faithful and accurate. In an introduction covering over 50 pages, a brief but lucid summary of the teachings of the Sūtras is given, which itself would be of great use to the general reader. Then follow the Sūtras. The original Sanskrit aphorisms are printed in bold type to distinguish them from the explanations which follow. These consist of, first, a Sanskrit commentary, which like the text

is printed in Canarese type, then a Canarese word-to-word translation and then the purport of the Sūtras with illustrations here and there to elucidate it. The original Sanskrit text and commentary will be of use to Sanskrit scholars familiar with the Canarese alphabet. The Canarese rendering is throughout satisfactory and the explanations are often highly instructive. To the book is appended an alphabetical index of the Sūtras and a glossary of difficult words met with in them. Altogether the book is very useful to those students of Yoga who are acquainted with Canarese and we have no hesitation in recommending it to them. Considering the usefulness of the book, the labour spent upon it and its excellent get-up in which respect it is much better than average Canarese books, the price Rs. 2 is very moderate.

The Mahakaran or the origin of the universe by Mr. Prānāt Sambhulāl Desai (address:—Pleader, residing near Juna Bazaar, Broach) a convenient handbook of Vedānta consisting of 46 pages. The author traverses over a vast area and he does it in a clear and logical way. Some Sanskrit terms are badly spelt such as Sheev for Siva and so on. In spite of its shortcomings which are incidental to all human labours, it has a ring of sincerity in it which attracts its readers, and as such we commend it to our subscribers. The price of the book is Re. 1, but the generous author gives copies *gratis* to all who are eager for Vedāntic inquiry.

Hindu Idolatry.—A pamphlet of 26 pages, by Mr. V. Muttukūmaraswamy Mudaliar, B. A., (Executive Engineer's Office, P. W. D., Salem. Price As. 4) is a spirited lecture in which the real meaning of image-worship is well expounded. The writer advises the critics of Swami Vivekananda and his followers to think twice before they speak and concludes with an earnest prayer.

The Ideal of Truthfulness or the story of Harischandra, by Mr. V. V. Parameswara Iyer (T. S. Subramaniam and Co., Palghat; price As. 5, postage extra) is a pamphlet of 56 pages. This is the first attempt to familiarise the great story to the English-knowing public and it has a good lesson to speak especially in these degenerate days in which we have sadly fallen from the grand and ancient 'ideal of truthfulness.' There are several errors of language, &c., in the book, but the writer being conscious of the shortcomings of his work requests the readers of 'indulgently look over them.'

Chromopathy; an interesting pamphlet in Tamil, by Mr. T. A. Swaminatha Iyer, the editor of *Satvasadhini* (Madras, price As. 8). It is a translation from the work of Pundit Jwāla Prasādja and presents in a popular and attractive form the new method of treatment and certainly deserves perusal at the hands of all Tamil-knowing men who wish to get acquainted with Chromopathy.

Bhagavata Sara.—This is a compilation of important passages bearing on philosophy in the first three Skhandhas of Bhagavata, with a running commentary on the same by M. R. Ry. Pandit Sri Krishnamacharya. The selections have been judiciously made and the commentary will be of use to those who have not much acquaintance with the Sanskrit language. The volume has been published under the auspices of our distinguished countryman, Dewan Bahadur R. Raghunatha Row, and as such we specially commend it to the public.

News and Notes.

Mauni.—Elsewhere in the journal we publish 'Meditations of a Mauni' to which we request the special attention of Mumukshus, though they have lost in translation three-fourths of the charm with which they were originally uttered by the great sage. Mauni does not mean one who is dumb, but a Brahmagyani, a Muni. As for the meaning of Manna please see verses 107 and 108 of Sankara's Aparōkshanubhūti.

Ourselves.—H. B. S. of Canada, one of the Christian readers of our journal, writing to a friend observes:—You say rightly that the whole world would suffer if India was "to die." I presume you mean Young India, for the energy

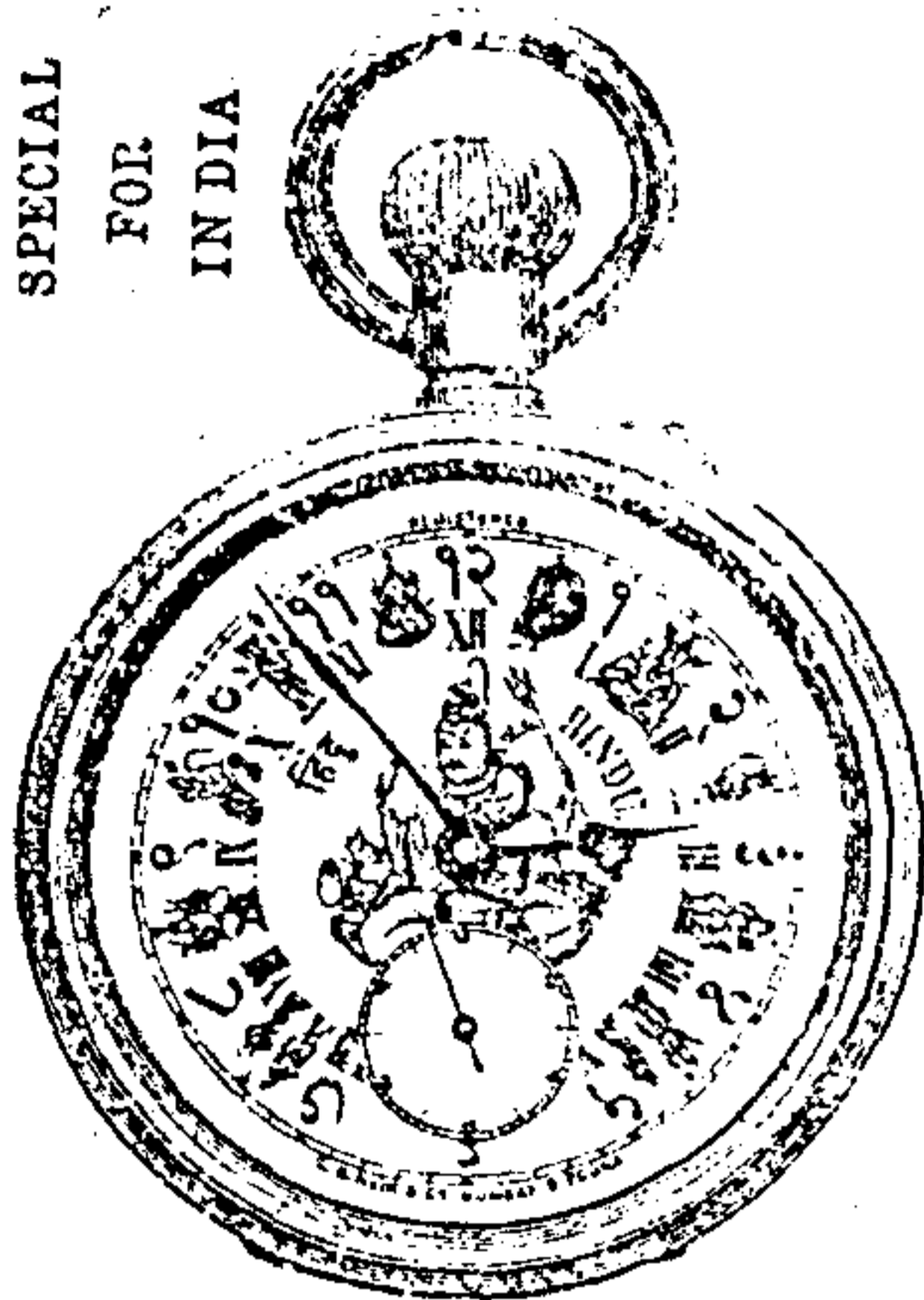
(Continued on cover page 3.)

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THE
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OR
AWAKENED INDIA.

ब्रह्मविदामोतिपरम्.

“He who knows the Supreme attains the highest.”—*Tait. Upa.* II. 1. 1.

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MONTHLY.

Manana Ma'la'.

OR

THE MEDITATIONS OF A MAUNI.

All things are in God and the Lord taught Arjuna to behold them not by themselves, but as in Him. This is the meaning of the glorious Vis'varûpâ (Universal Form) scene.

He is the greatest teacher in whose mind the distinction between the teacher and the taught has no place. For in the plane of absolute truth the teacher and the taught are both one and the same.

Though milk is a good thing and the milk-vendor cries 'milk, milk' in the streets, it is only those that want it that buy; in the same way, though the excellent Vedânta be preached from house-tops and temple towers it is only those who thirst for the truth contained in it that seek its help.

Birds and reptiles approach not a burning volcano; in the same way pleasure and pain do not affect a sage who is radiant with the fire of wisdom.

What an amount of wisdom there is even in common proverbs! For instance "Winnow while the wind blows" means to the philosopher "strip off (in mind) the sheaths (Kosa) which hide the Self—as husk does the rice-grain—while thy breath endures; in other words realise the Self before you die."

The conception of sin varies with various stages and in the highest, to be deluded by name and form and forget the God within is itself a sin.

The Atman is a vast ocean and hands, feet, &c., are icebergs floating on it; when the sun of wisdom comes they too get dissolved in the ocean of Self and lose their names and forms.

The best offering a disciple can give to his Gurn (spiritual teacher) is a mind purified by the four Sâdhanas (preparation)—discrimination between Self and Not-Self, &c.

The greatest benefit which a Gurn does to his disciple is to show that Truth alone is true. So did Sri Krishna say to Arjuna "There is no existence of the unreal, of the real there is no cessation of existence. The truth regarding these two is seen by the seers of the Real."

Clean a diamond and the brightness comes of itself; in the same way one has only to purify the mind; then the A'tman will shine there of His own accord. For He is already there; only he has been forgotten through ignorance.

The Imitation of Vyasa.

✓ **A Strange teaching** :—Bāhva, being questioned about Brahman by Vāshkalin, said, "Learn Brahman, O friend" and became silent. Vāshkalin waited a long time for a reply, but seeing nothing coming forth questioned Bāhva a second, and a third time, and at last the latter said, "I am teaching you indeed, but you do not understand. Silence (mauna) is that Brahman."

✓ **Truth** :—Once on a time a thousand Horse-sacrifices and Truth were weighed against each other in the balance; and the latter weighed much heavier than the former. Truth is the highest refuge; Truth is duty; Truth is penance; Truth is Yoga; and Truth is the eternal Brahman.

✓ **Bargaining with God** :—There was a certain great king who went to hunt in a forest, and there he happened to meet a sage. He had a little conversation with this sage and became so pleased with him that he asked him to accept a present from him. "No," says the sage, "I am perfectly satisfied with my condition: these trees give me enough fruit to eat; these beautiful pure streams supply me with all the water I want; I sleep in these caves. What do I care for your presents, though you be an emperor." The emperor says, "Just to purify myself, to gratify me, take some presents and come with me into the city." At last the sage consented to go with this emperor, and he was brought into the emperor's palace, wherein were gold and jewelry, and marble and most wonderful things. Wealth and power were manifest in this palace, and there that poor sage from the forest was ushered in. The emperor asked him to wait a minute while he repeated his prayer, and he went into a corner and began to pray, "Lord give me more wealth, more children, more territory." In the meanwhile the sage got up, and began to walk away. The emperor saw him going, and went after him. "Stay, Sir, you did not take my present, and are going away." The sage turned round to him and said: "Beggars, I do not beg of beggars. What can you give? you have been begging yourself all the time." What is the difference between Love and Shopkeeping, if you ask God to give you this and give you that?

The Tree of Samsara :—It grows upon Brahman as its root, out of the world-fiction Māyā as its seed. It is an ashvattha (holy fig) tree, liable to destruction every moment, rooted above and branching below. It is watered by the cravings of migrating souls whose actions through the law of Karma prolong the existence of the spheres of metempsychoses. Its trunk is Buddhi, the senses are its hollows; the Great Elements its boughs, the sense-object its leaves and twigs, Dhurma and Adharma, its blossoms and its fruits are the pleasures and pains of living things. The spheres of recompense are the nests in which gods and migrating souls dwell like birds. It rustles with the cries, the weeping, and the laughter, of the souls in pain or for the moment happy. Though so huge and eternal

in its nature, it is unreal like the waters of a mirage and vanishes in the light of intuition of the one and only Truth, the Self beyond it.

✓ **Wanting God** :—A certain old man used to go to the temple and pray for a very long time that God may be pleased to take him to His holy feet. Everyday he would stand for a number of hours after all others had left the temple and beg to be absorbed in the Deity with tears flowing from his eyes by force of habit. He fancied himself to be a very pious man and to excel even saints in his devotion. By his tarrying so long in the temple everyday he caused considerable inconvenience to the temple priest, who felt that his devotion was insincere and wanted to put an end to his practice. For this purpose, one day while the old man was standing begging and weeping, the priest hid himself behind the image of God and suddenly cried in a strange unearthly tone, "Come here, thou old man, I shall absorb thee. Come at once." The old man thought that it was God that was speaking and ran away frightened lest he might be swallowed up by Him. From that day forward not merely did he never step into the temple, but was afraid to be alone even in his house, and would not sleep unless in the midst of several persons for fear that the wicked God might steal him away all at once. Ah! how many of us want God in this fashion!

From Heaven to Hell :—King Yayāti was admitted into Heaven on account of the numerous acts of self-sacrifice and virtue which he did while in earth. There he saw the famous Kalpa tree, Kāma Dhenu, the Divine cow, Chintāmani, the rare jewel and diverse other wonderful things. There the divine damsels paid court to him, and Nārada and other celestial rishis eulogised him on his newly acquired happiness. Seeing all this the king felt conceited, thinking that he had acquired Heaven by means of his ability and merit and that there were few others equal to him. This idea no sooner entered into his head than he found himself in Hell amidst a multitude of tortured souls.

From Hell to Heaven :—King Vidheha was being led to Heaven by the servants of Yama, the God of Death. On his way he saw innumerable souls suffering in Hell and crying for help. He was very much moved at this miserable sight and addressing his conductor said, "I shall stay here rather than go to Heaven while so many poor souls are being tortured here in this fashion. Leave me alone and go." They went and reported the matter to Yama. At once he himself came down and accosting the king said, "Thy virtues, Oh king, are innumerable, so that I myself have come down to take thee to Heaven. This is not a fit place for thee to stay in. Come up with me to Heaven." The king replied, "It is selfish to seek my happiness while so many of my brethren are suffering. If my virtues avail anything let them go to these my brethren, and let me suffer here in their place." Hardly did he speak thus, when Yama disappeared and Hell stood transformed into Heaven and all its denizens metamorphosed into Gods.

The Prabuddha Bharata

OR

AWAKENED INDIA.

NOVEMBER 1897.

The War.

War is the first law of nature. If there is one thing which can be said to be *the* characteristic of the whole universe, it is war. There is war in the waters, on the earth, up in the heavens, war everywhere. "Thou hast killed all and all have killed thee," said the Tamilian sage Pattanattu Pillai. When Prince Siddhârta was taken by his father to 'see the pleasaunce of the spring', he beheld the beauties of the season and rejoiced to see nature in its gayest attire like a Circassian beauty decorated for her marriage.

But, looking deep, he saw,
The thorns which grew upon this rose of life ;
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
Toiling for leave to live ; and how he urged
The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,
Goading their velvet flanks : then marked he, too,
How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
And kite on both ; and how the fish-hawk robbed
The fish-tiger of that which it had seized ;
The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did hunt
The jewelled butterflies ; till everywhere
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain.
Life living upon death. So the fair show
Veiled one vast, savage grim conspiracy
Of mutual murder, from the worm to man
Who himself kills his fellow :

and sighing said, "Is this that happy earth they brought me forth to see ? Go aside a space and let me muse on what you show."

Now, why is this struggle ? it may be that it is all for good and that lasting peace may be the result of this incessant war. But why should good come through evil and peace through war ? This question has been asked in all countries, but most of the religions of the world have sought to explain it away through the aid of a mythological machinery of wars in heaven, Satans, Beelzebubs and Ahrimans. Modern philosophies have as a rule shirked the question and sought to remedy the evil by means of utilitarian ethics, hedonistic calculus and so on. But they have not done even as much service as those unscientific and childish religions which substitute mythology for philosophy, and their cures are mere temporary make-shifts, a truce for the time being with the demon of war, rather than real remedies ; for they have not even diagnosed the evil properly and much less ascertained its cause.

What is this struggle for ? These philosophies have nearly all of them assumed that it is for existence, which is far from the truth. Indeed if bare existence can satisfy the creatures of the world, nearly all the misery of life would vanish and the advice of Jesus, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink ; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment ? Behold the fowls of the air ; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns : yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they ? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith ? Therefore take no thought saying, what shall we eat ? or what shall we drink ? or wherewithal shall we be clothed ?" will instead of being an ideal to aspire to, at once become a realised fact ; all struggle will cease and with it all misery. Struggle for existence is an expression which when examined loses its meaning, for since it is an observed fact that existence itself is struggle, it would mean that one struggles to exist and exists to struggle, in other words, one struggles to struggle. The fact is few care for mere existence. The will to live has its genesis not in the desire to live for living's sake but in the desire for the happiness which life is imagined to give. Existence is in itself too watery a thing to suit the tastes of the many and, if that were its own end, there would be room enough in the world for double the number of lives it now has.

The recent tragedy at Moscow at the time of the coronation of the present emperor of which most of our readers have probably heard was a miniature allegorical representation of the terrible drama of life. There was enough of cakes for all present and if they had waited patiently, every one would have got a decent share ; but all of them rushed one before the other to get the cakes and the result was they fell upon and trampled one another in the hurry ; several thousands of lives were lost and the day of rejoicing became one of lamentation throughout the country. What happened in Russia was only a sharp, clearly cut, high-relief representation of what happens every day in the world. No creature is content with bare existence, content with what comes to it in the natural course of life, but all run after pleasures and in the race kill one another and lose even what they would have obtained otherwise. The struggle in the world therefore is not for existence. It is for happiness. Truly says the Sruti, "Who would have moved or who would have lived if happiness did not pervade all space ?"

The modern theory of struggle for existence is thus not altogether correct, and consequently the methods

based on that theory for the alleviating of struggle and wickedness and lessening the friction of life, by the generous and sympathetic philosophers of the west avail very little. The best and the most accurate diagnosis of the case is made by the Vedanta which says that creatures struggle not for existence, but for happiness. In their own nature they are blissful, for the *Svarupa* of the Atman or the Self of all is *Ananda* or bliss, but through the force of the ineffable *Māya*, they forget themselves and look for the happiness of which they are themselves the fountain and storehouse in things outside, and the result is dependence and misery. All creatures instinctively struggle for happiness, because their native home is bliss, but on account of *avidya* or ignorance they seek for it in the wrong place, in the outer world in which they live and move so long as the delusion of its being blissful continues. Sooner or later in the course of evolution it is found out that happiness is within and not without and then begins the conscious attempt to return to the blissful source from which beings started in the race of life. As the famous verse of the Taittiriya Upanishad beautifully puts it, Happiness is Brahman; from happiness even are verily born these beings:—by happiness when born, they live:—happiness they approach, (happiness) they enter (III. vi). “To come back to the point from which we have been projected” says Swami Vivekananda “is the great struggle of life. Whether people know it or not, it does not matter, but whatever you see in this universe of motion, of struggle, in plants, in minerals or anything, is a tendency to come back to the centre and be at rest. As it were, there was a tremendous equilibrium and that has been destroyed, and all parts, and atoms and molecules are struggling to find the Equilibrium again, and in the struggle they are combining and forming and re-forming all this wonderful panorama of nature, all to get back to the Equilibrium again. So all social struggles, wars and fight, human struggles, and competitions in plant life, animal life and everywhere else are but expressions of that eternal struggle to get back this Equilibrium.”

The term happiness which we have so often used should not be confounded with pleasure. It is simply another name for the Equilibrium to which Swami Vivekananda refers, another name for God. Says Amiel “To be happy, to possess eternal life, to be in God, to be saved—all these are the same. All alike mean the solution of the problem, the aim of existence...Happiness has no limits because God has neither bottom nor bounds, and because happiness is nothing but the conquest of God through love.” Everything in this universe consciously or unconsciously seeks for this happiness; but where it is unconsciously sought for as in the majority of cases, the search is, through *avidya*, carried on in the outer world, and the result is pleasure and pain by turns—the *dwandwas* as they are called.

There are however here and there at every time some

blessed souls who are anxious to rise above these *dwandwas* or pair of opposites, who do not like to be befooled by *Māya* and consciously seek for happiness in the truest sense of the word—the conquest of God through love. The struggle in which they engage whose aim is nothing less than to annihilate the whole of the sense-world, to make it unreal, *mīya* and to obtain the Reality behind it is worth all the battles ever fought on the earth put together and deserves to be styled The War *par excellence*. All the great Indian epics, the *Rāmāyana*, the *Mahābhārata*, the *Skāndapurāna* are only allegories of this great war against the world of *Māya*. Arjuna (the human soul) is asked to fight against the children of *Dritarāshtra*—the offspring of *Moha*, and in the great fight, Krishna the Atman stands by the side of the struggling soul and urges it on to fight. Said the Lord, “Do thou arise, and obtain glory. After conquering the enemies, enjoy the unrivalled dominion (*Śwārājyam*). By Myself have they already been slain; be thou an apparent cause, O Savyasāchi.” The very same advice is given in that wonderful book ‘Light on the Path’;—Stand aside in the coming battle; and though thou fightest, be not thou the warrior. Look for the warrior and let him fight in thee. Take his orders for the battle and obey them. Obey him, not as though he were a general, but as though he were thyself, and his spoken words were the utterance of thy secret desires; for he is thyself, yet infinitely wiser and stronger than thyself. . . . Then it will be impossible for thee to strike one blow amiss. But if thou look not for him, if thou pass him by, then there is no safeguard for thee. Thy brain will reel, thy heart grow uncertain, and in the dust of the battle-field, thy sight and senses will fail, and thou wilt not know thy friends from thy enemies. II, 1—4. The warrior here is the guru, Sri Krishna in human form without whose grace and love the war could not be fought with success, nay, could not even properly commence. The method of fighting the great war of which we are speaking is beautifully described in the following passage of the *Maitrayanni Upanishad* :—

One should first cross over the sense-objects, the senses and the body composed of the elements (i.e., cease all identification with these) and then, with the bow of courage which is furnished with the string of renunciation, should aim the dart of non-attachment at the first watchman in the gate leading to Brahman and kill him. This watchman whose name is egoism has *avidya* or false knowledge as his turban. Avarice and envy are his ear-rings. Sloth, sleepiness and sin are his club-sticks. He, the master, who is attached to these, wields the bow of lust furnished with the string of anger hurts all creatures with the dart of desire. Having slain him, one should cross the limits of *Hridaya-akāśa* (*Chit-ākāśa*) on the boat called *Atman* and when the light of Brahman begins to be perceived enter into the *Brahmaśala* (the hall of Brahman) slowly and cautiously like a man getting

into a mine for obtaining the minerals in it. He should enter into the Brahma Kośa (the last sheath, Ānandamaya)—which is hidden behind by four other sheaths—by the secret method into which he has been initiated by the Achārya. Beyond this lies the Atman who is holy, pure indestructible, calm, beyond the vital airs and the mind, eternal, undecaying, firm, immortal, birthless and free and who rests in his own glory. Beholding the Atman who thus rests in his own glory, one looks (as a mere witness) upon the wheel of mortal life as the revolving wheel of a car (which can be stopped at will.)

The hard nature of the struggle is admitted by all who know about it. Arjuna says "For the Manas is verily restless, O Krishna, turbulent, strong and tough. Therefore I deem the control (of it) quite as difficult as to control the wind (VI. 34). In this connection, the story of Mahābali in the Yoga Vasishtha is very instructive. The king, feeling very much the same grief as that of Alexander the Great, at having no more kingdoms to conquer, asked his minister to find out some new occupation for him. The minister replied, "True it is that you have conquered all the world, but there is a kingdom which is larger and more wealthy than those you have conquered. Until you conquer that, you can hardly regard yourself as a hero." The king to whom the map of the world was very familiar asked in surprise where that kingdom lay and who its king and said that he would start immediately to subdue it. The wise minister replied, "The sovereign of the empire is a very mild and inoffensive person easy to be captured, but his minister is a very cunning, intriguing diplomatist and it is impossible to kill him by any means and unless he be subdued, no one can even approach the kingdom." The king said, "Is it so? I should be all the more eager to capture that kingdom, My name is not Mahābali if I do not conquer it. Tell me at once where it is and prepare yourself at once to start with me." The minister coolly replied, "That kingdom is within yourself." The king was struck dumb with surprise, and at last said, "You speak the truth. The A'tman, the inner ruler, immortal could not even be approached unless his minister—mind—is subdued. But ah! the difficulty of it. Still what is the good of gaining the whole world and losing one's soul!" From that day forward, the story adds, the king devoted himself to Brahmanishtha.

The apt simile of S'ri S'ankara in which he compares the mind to a maddened monkey drunk and bitten by a scorpion is well-known. As a great sage once beautifully observed, one might more easily dig a pit and bury his shade under it than kill the mind. The mind can never be slain, for in its nature it is eternal. It has however to be subdued. And the only way for it is pointed out by the Lord who says "Doubtless, O mighty armed, the Manas is hard to control and restless; but by practice, O son of Kunti and by indifference it may be controlled (VI. 35). Little by little let him gain tranquillity by means of Buddhi held in firmness;

having made the Manas abide in the Self, let him not think of anything. (VI. 25.)

Upon the latter verse Śankara observes: "He should make the Manas abide in the Self, *bearing in mind that the Self is all and that nothing else exists. This is the grand secret of Yoga* (VI. 25). But what is the sort of practice that is to be commenced and how to make the Manas abide in the Self? The only means for doing this is to approach a guru who is wise, well-versed in the Scriptures, sinless, free from desire, knowing the nature of Brahman, who has attained rest in spirit, like flame extinguished by the fuel being consumed, whose kindness is not actuated by personal considerations, and who is anxious to befriend those that seek for help and addressing him when he is not otherwise engaged! Salutation, O Lord, full of compassion, O friend of those who bend before thee. Sprinkle on me thy grace, O Lord, heated as I am by the forest fire of birth and rebirth, gratify my ear with ambrosial words as they flow from thee mingled with the essence of thy Self-experience, and the bliss afforded by Brahmagnana sacred and cooling. Happy are they who come into thy sight even for a moment, for (they become) fit recipients and are accepted as pupils," practise as he bids and slowly and steadily proceed in the path of liberation guarded as by an angel by his grace obtained through obedience and respectful demeanour.

Monism Qualified and Pure. A Story.

A certain philosopher belonging to the School of Qualified Monism, or, what is called the Realistic School of the Vedānta, went to a great sage worshipped by the people as a Brahmagnāni, one who had realised the Self, and challenged him to a philosophical discussion. The sage coolly replied, "Your trouble is unnecessary. I am ready to give you what you want;" and so saying took a bit of paper wrote down on it with his own hand that he was defeated by such and such a philosopher and handed it over to the latter, who was overjoyed at the ready admission of his superior abilities. He at once placed the valuable document securely in his bag and proceeded to bid goodbye to the sage.

Just then the latter asked him, "What use are you going to make of the paper?"

He replied, "I am going to show it to all the adwaitins in the land, and they, seeing that you yourself have admitted my superiority will, I am sure, do the same themselves."

Sage: "It is true I have confessed myself defeated, but I would very much like to know if you derived your knowledge of adwaita from adwaitic works or from the criticisms of it contained in visishtadwaitic works."

Philosopher: "From the latter, for they give all the necessary information."

Sage: "Your knowledge of adwaita may be sound I admit, but will it not be better for you to study it from the original works? For there may be some adwaitins who may not yield to you so readily as I have done, and may puzzle you with arguments from the original works on their philosophy which you have not studied. But if you study a little from those works I am sure no one can oppose you."

The realistic philosopher admitted the truth of what the sage said and applied himself with zeal to a study of the important *adwaitic* works. He had not proceeded far, when, to his great surprise, he found that what the qualified monists criticised in the *adwaita* had been criticised by the *adwaitins* themselves at a certain stage. The similes of the serpent in the rope, &c., were, he saw, admitted in *adwaita* to illustrate some particular point, and that done, they had been rejected, whereas the qualified monists not noticing this fact criticised it. He became more and more interested in the study and was devouring books after books of *adwaita* philosophy. Nearly two years elapsed in this way and he did not start on his discussion tour. Seeing this the sage asked him why he had not gone out to discuss, and he replied, "I see that there is no room for quarrel."

The object of this story is only to illustrate the insufficiency of second-hand information, and not to set up the superiority of one system of philosophy over the other, for both, if sincerely followed lead to the same goal.

NOBODY-KNOWS-WHO.

Pantheism and the Vedanta.

Almost nine out of every ten students of philosophy in Western countries who examine into the religion propounded through the *Upanishads*, and expounded by *Sankarāchārya*, *Rāmānuja*, and others, give up the search, after a time, expressing themselves fully convinced that *Vedantic* Philosophy is *Pantheistic*, and probably at least eight out of the nine who reach that conclusion honestly believe what they say. And yet, in reality, such is by no means the truth. The *Vedānta* holds that while the idea of a God separate from man, regarded as an object of veneration and love, is not a contradiction of the real Truth, yet it represents want of ability to perceive that Truth in its reality, and says that the highest truth is reached when we are able to see one only, not God and nature, but God, and God alone.

Pantheism is also monistic, in that it says there is not a God and a nature, but *Pantheism* says that the unity is reached when we see God as nature,—nature as it appears to us. The whole difference lies in the use of one word. Where the *Pantheist* sees nature as God, and worships the Sun, or the Moon, or that part of nature which appeals to him as the highest and grandest expression of that God-nature, the *Vedāntist* sees God in nature. He sees that nature, by itself, cannot exist one moment. He sees further that the assertion of an independent Infinite and a dependent universe contains a grave contradiction, for that finite universe will itself limit the Infinite. It is insufficient to say that God, being Infinite, holds in His hand this power of self-limitation, for that would introduce into the Infinite two irreconcilable elements—an unconditioned element (if that were possible) and a conditioned element. Consequently God cannot be nature, or to put it more clearly, nature cannot express God. But by withdrawing within ourselves, and from nature, that which we saw as nature we see anew as God; we are enabled to look through the veil which we ourselves have cast over the reality, and the veil disappearing reveals the God within. The subject, which has foolishly tried to objectify itself, withdraws that objectification within itself again and sees the Eternal subject alone, free, and unconditioned by the limitations and imaginary qualifications with which the mind had surrounded it and

dimmed its beauty. When we see nature we do not see God, and when we see God we do not see nature, because the very idea of seeing nature, is projection of the subject (God), and the subject regarded in itself and in its own light has none of the imperfections and differentiations which we have imposed upon it in the process of objectification. Tennyson very beautifully expressed this idea thus—

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?
Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?"

True, indeed, it is that we do live in dreams, but while we are in them we cannot afford to ignore a certain amount of reality in them. The very fact that we speak of getting out of the dream shows us this. Still no man is content to remain always a dreamer, and there must come a time to everyone when the utter uselessness of the things of sense vexes his mind, and he tries to get out, to wake from the dream. When we have unthinkingly made attempt after attempt to express God, represented as the Ideal and perfect good, in a nature which exists only by reason of the continual fight between good and evil, dissatisfaction begins and we commence the search for a way out. Some are able to realise freedom by repudiation of bondage, but this requires infinite strength, and is far beyond the capabilities of most men and women. Others seek a slower, but perhaps safer, and equally sure method, by making their own natures pure and free from both good and evil, and so becoming more a reflection of their God-ideal, and for this gradual manifestation of the reality, devotion is the best means, a devotion which is so pure itself and so free from unworthy motives, that its very intensity brings the subject and the object, the lover and the Beloved into closer and closer communion, until the one cannot be distinguished from the other.

But even this devotion has its stages. Thought can only be expressed in symbol; we cannot possibly think without giving name and form to that thought, and thus symbols arise, and it matters little whether that symbol be internal or external. Here again there has been a great deal of misapprehension as to the real significance of Vedic religion. The man who personalises his Ideal in his own mind cannot see that the man who worships that ideal in a symbol of wood or stone or external nature is doing just as he himself is doing, worshipping not nature or the image, but the qualities and attributes which he mentally attaches to it. Image worship is as completely misunderstood when it is regarded as *Pantheism*, as is the idea of the Divinity of man held by monists, and generally the greatest objections are raised by those who are themselves most attached to an Ideal to which they have given form, and thus reduced to symbology. There is room for much more liberality in these matters than we find at present. We need to realise that we are much nearer to our Ideal, much nearer to God, when we can really practise at every moment of our lives universal love, than when we limit that love to this form and that form, to this person and that person, nay, worse, to this method of reaching the Ideal and that method. If God is infinite, the universal is certainly nearer to Him than the particular details of that universal, and it is through the Universal, and the Universal brought into our every day life, through love, that we shall eventually be ourselves of the same nature with the Ideal.

J. J. GOODWIN.

Seekers after God.

SRI A'LAWANDĀR.

(Concluded from page 42.)

Nambi took A'lawandār a long way from Madura, and then, when it was dinner time, opened a copy of the Gītā which he had with him for pārāyana (daily reading) and read out the ninth chapter in it entitled, "Rāja Vidya Rāja Guhya Yoga." A'lawandār listened with attention to the recital, and after dinner asked Nambi to teach him Gītā; for in those remote days it was a strict rule that the Gītā should not be read except under a teacher, and the numerous translations now in vogue, from which people find it easy to mislearn, were not in existence then. It was sacrilegious to approach the Upanishads, the Vedānta Sūtras and the Gītā without the aid of a proper instructor—an idea which the readers of the modern-day unsympathetic and misleading translations of these sacred books full of divine mystery, might perhaps scoff at; but, in the time of A'lawandār, to learn and not to mislearn was the ambition of students. So the king requested Nambi to initiate him into the 'Supreme mystery and wisdom' of the Gītā, which the latter readily consented to do; and no sooner was a regular study begun than Sri A'lawandār, owing to the accumulated virtue of previous births, felt himself transported to a new world of 'an ampler ether and a diviner air,' where there was neither the pettiness nor the struggle of ordinary mortal existence. It flashed upon him that his 'home, sweet home' was away, far away from the prison house of the sense world; and when he came to the celebrated verses in the second chapter beginning with—

There is no existence of the unreal; of the real there is no cessation of existence. The truth regarding these two is seen by the seers of the Real.
and ending with—

This, weapons do not cut; This, fire does not burn; This, water does not wet and wind withers This not.

This cannot be cut, nor burnt, nor wetted, nor dried up. It is everlasting, all-pervading, stable, firm and eternal.

This is said to be unperceivable; unthinkable and unchangeable. Wherefore knowing It to be such, thou hadst better not grieve, he felt as if he had suddenly recollected something long forgotten. The verses appeared familiar to him and reminded him of a thing with which he had once been very, very familiar, and he grieved because he had forgotten it so long, because he had exchanged that everlasting, all-pervading, stable, firm and eternal Atman in him for the fleeting, paltry things of life, and had sold the Kingdom of God for a petty principality in this low earth. He pined to realise that which is unperceivable to the senses, unthinkable by the mind and unchangeable in its essence. He at once threw off the costly robes he wore, the jewels with which he had adorned his body, which he now felt to be bubble-like and unreal, fell prostrate at the feet of Nambi and beseeched to be fully instructed in the deepest mysteries of divine wisdom. He added that he did not require the treasure, however vast and valuable it might be, which his grandfather had left for him, for he was determined no more to return to his kingdom but live a beggar for the sake of discovering the everlasting treasure which lay concealed in himself. Nambi commended his earnestness and zeal, but advised him not to throw away his jewels and robes, saying, "True renunciation consists in giving up all desire, but by giving up your wealth and kingdom you do not renounce, for you desire to be a beggar. Be

as you are in outward appearance, but be unattached in your mind. This is the secret of renunciation. Also do not despise the legacy your grandfather has left for you, for he gave it out of love; but before going to recover it, we shall, if you so desire, stay here for some time and finish this Gītā and then proceed to take hold of the treasure." A'lawandār readily agreed and the whole Gītā was gone through leisurely.

Before it ended he became fully imbued with the spirit of its teaching. Whatever he did, whatever he ate, whatever he offered in sacrifice, whatever he gave in charity and whatever austerity he engaged in, he did all as an offering unto God and in his eyes the pain and pleasure of others became his own, for he saw all things in himself and himself in all things. The words of the Lord—

He who offers to Me with devotion a leaf, a flower, a fruit, water,—that I accept, offered as it is with devotion by the pure-minded, (IX, 26.)

filled his mind with a new ambition, and he pined to realise the truth of the Lord's promise contained in the following verses—

Fix thy Manas in Me only, place thy Buddhi in Me. Thou shalt no doubt live in Me ever after, (XII, 8.)

Fix thy thought on Me, be devoted to Me, sacrifice to Me, bow down to Me. Thou shalt reach Myself, truly do I promise unto thee (for) thou art dear to Me, (XVIII, 65.)

After the Gītā was completed Nambi proposed to his disciple that he should go with him to recover the treasure. A'lawandār reluctantly consented, for wealth in however large a quantity had now no temptation for him, and went with his guru in search of it. Nambi led him through several Brahmin villages, crossed the Cauvery, took him into the temple of Srirangam and, pointing to the grand image of Sri Ranganātha,* said, "This is the great treasure your grandfather has left you. Take firm hold of it and relieve me of the trust."

A'lawandār was overwhelmed with surprise. He little knew that his grandfather had left for him the noblest and the best of legacies, found no words to praise his grace and love, and expressed his gratitude for Nambi only by falling at his feet again and again and wetting them with tears of joy. And looking at Ranganātha he said, "O Great God. Thou hast been in my grandfather's possession, and now that he has given Thee to me Thou art mine, the God of my grandfather, the God of my family, my own God. I have found Thee at last and shall no longer leave Thee. Ah! what a treasure has my grandfather given to me and how truly did my Guru Nambi speak of It as a very vast treasure by obtaining which you will become much richer than any other king on earth." Ah, how vast a treasure; It is beyond time and space, Akhanda, illimitable. By obtaining Thee I obtain all, for everything is contained in Thee. By knowing Thee everything else is more than known. Truly did Nambi say, "By securing It you can easily vanquish all your enemies, and no one can ever defeat you." All my enemies desire, anger, lust, &c., all get overthrown at Thy very sight, and no one can ever defeat me, for like the old sage Vamadeva who sang, "I am Manu, I am Surya." I am the Self of all. Ah, how poetically did Lord Nambi speak of Thee when he said, "It lies between two rivers, and within seven successive walls. A huge serpent guards it and a Rakshasa comes and visits it once in twelve years." Thou liest between the Cauvery and the Coleroon, and in my heart between the ever flowing streams of Sankalpa and Vikalpa. The thousand-headed

* As to the symbology of Sri Ranganātha please see page 56 of Vol. I.

A'dissha guards Thee, and Vibishana comes and visits Thee once in twelve years. Truly was this Treasure before me laid in by a mantra, and truly could a mantra alone secure for me this possession. The sacred herb of which my blessed guru spoke is the Tulsi of which Thou art extremely fond. O Treasure of treasures, Thou art mine, mine for ever, mine by birthright. I shall take firm hold of Thee and shall not leave Thee." So saying he flew meteor-like towards the Sacred Image and clasping it swooned away in love. After a long while he recovered and then addressing his perceptor and saviour exclaimed, "How shall I thank you for having sought me and taken me under the shelter of your grace, and having shown me in no mistakable way that there is no treasure on earth more lasting, more needed and more precious than God, and that that treasure is my birthright. O best of gurus, in what words could I extol the glory of your love which could look upon my redemption as a burden laid upon you!"

Tradition relates that Alawandâr then resigned his sceptre and devoted the remainder of his life to Bhagavan-nishta or Yogic contemplation. He wrote a few treatises on Chit, Achit and Iswara, the triad of the Visishtadwaitic philosophy, which was to find its best exponent a few years after in Râmânûja. He had three unfulfilled wishes at the time of his death; and it is said that in token of that, even after his death three fingers of his right hand remained closed, and that they resumed their natural position only when Râmânûja, who almost accidentally came to the spot where the funeral was about to take place, promised to fulfil the three wishes which were communicated to him by his disciples. The three wishes were that a Visishtadwaitic commentary should be written for the Prastânâtraya (the Upanishads, the Vedânta Sûtras and the Gîtâ), that the name of Parâsara the old Vaishnavite commentator of the Vedânta Sûtras should be commemorated on earth by giving it to a person worthy to bear it, and that a commentary should be written upon Nammâlwar's 'Tiruvaymozhi,' which latter was done by a disciple of Râmânûja.

M. RANGANATHA SASTRI.

The Sympathy of Religions.

By SWÂMI SARADÂ'NANDA.

The August number of the *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*, (Boston), publishes the following paper, read by Swâmi Saradânanda before the Free Religious Association of America:—

The subject of this morning is the one peculiar feature of the religion of India. The whole history of India shows that, and if example is better than precept, as the proverb says, the Indians have a glorious past and a bright present behind and around them, in the field of religion, to prove the utility and soundness of their all-embracing religious beliefs. Long before the Sun of Nazareth had arisen in the horizon of Palestine, long before the mighty Buddha had called his flock around and sent them all over Asia, to preach the doctrine of sympathy and compassion, with especial directions not to revile any religion (for whoever reviles another religion injures not only that religion, but also his own), there arose one in India who preached with the voice of thunder the active sympathy of all religions towards one another, based on the recognition of the fact that they all lead to the same goal. The author of the Bhagavad Gita, the Divine Krishna, found the solution of this vexed problem

of the attitude of one religion toward another in these memorable words: "Whosoever comes to me through whatsoever way, I reach him. Know, all men are coming along the ways which in the end reach me." All along the history of India we find the practical carrying out of this wide principle in the field of religion. Never has there been a religious persecution in the land of the Hindus, and never was individual liberty limited by society in the field of religion.

By sympathy the Vedântist does not mean a kind of dull indifference, or haughty toleration, which seems to say, 'I know you are wrong and my religion is the only true one, yet I will let you follow it, and perhaps one day your eyes will be opened.' His sympathy is not a negative one, but it is of a direct, positive nature, which knows that all religions are true, they have the same goal. They are, as it were, parallel lines proceeding from the same point, or the radii from one common centre, or, as a Vedântic poet expresses it in his beautiful language, "like the waters of the different rivers flowing through straight or winding paths and mingling with the ocean, losing all name and form, they all meet in Him, who is the ocean of light and love." Why should they quarrel then? Why may not I follow my own path, and at the same time help you actively and make the conditions of your travelling in your own path easier? This is the one great truth which the Vedânta has to give to the world. The Vedânta has never proselytized, never attempted to break this wonderful harmony of the religious orchestra of the universe by bringing it down to monotonies, and yet wave after wave of spiritual thoughts and ideals has crossed the snows of the Himalayan peaks, toned the fanaticism in the dreary deserts of Persia and Arabia, beautified and enriched the beautiful land of the Greeks, and made the sublime more so in the land of the Pyramids. The mission of the Vedânta to the West is not to make Christians Hindus, but to make the Christian a better Christian, a Hindu a better Hindu, and a Mohammedan a better Mohammedan; to convince men that in and through all these various religions there runs that one common thread of truth, and go you whatever way, you cannot but reach God. "He is the mover, the sustainer, the Lord, the witness, the stay, the refuge, the friend of this universe," or as St. Paul says, "in Him we live and move and have our being." The Infinite is at the beginning of this evolution, and He the end of it. The Vedânta, therefore, recognizes the one great fact, that there is unity in variety in the plan of nature; that however much there may be variety in any plane of existence, the physical, the mental, or the spiritual, yet in and through it there is that unity.

The second great fact, on which the Vedântist builds his universal sympathy and toleration, is that variation is necessary to evolution. What does evolution mean but the unfolding, the changing from one to another, and hence variation? Destroy variation, bring sameness in any field of nature, and you destroy evolution; and the universe is such a joined piece of mechanism, and nature is so uniform throughout, that this is not only true in the physical and the mental, but also in the spiritual field. Destroy variation, therefore, in the religious field, try to make all men think alike in religion, try to break down all religions and keep one in their place, you will find that you have destroyed religion itself. Then again we will find that as all our attempts to make all men think alike will invariably fail, so it is impossible to bring one religion in place of the many. The many will survive as long as creation lasts. Recognize, therefore, this natural

necessity of variation in the field of religion. Give every one its proper place, and know that they are all ways to attain to the Truth behind. The Truth will never change; it is beyond all changes of nature, beyond the realm of all law and causation; yet the manifestation of this Truth in the field of law and causation is always partial and limited, and will always vary. Different ways will be discovered in different times to reach that Truth, and those different religions will be just as much true as those that exist at the present day.

From very old times man has tried to find out the one common ground in which all religions meet. Attempts have been made in Alexandria, in Greece, and in many other places to cull truths from every religion and combine them into a new one. They have failed miserably, because they never recognized the truth that variation is necessary to evolution. They never recognized that all these religions are true, and suit minds in different stages of evolution. They never recognized that they all point towards the one great fact, that the end of evolution is to make man perfect by leading him into the superconscious state. Else how do we account for their general agreement on this point? Why do two religions which seem diametrically opposite in their rites and ceremonies and doctrines, speak the same story here? In mystical ceremonies, in the garb of mythology, or in clear-cut philosophical language, they all speak the same truth, that man in his real nature is perfect and universal; that the little personalities grow and expand till they all find themselves to be the one universal individuality, infinite and perfect; that it is not something extraneous or the exclusive property of one man or some men, but that it is natural in every one, and is the gradual unfolding of what is within. We in our ignorance think that the saying of Jesus that "I and my Father are one" is true in his case alone, or that when He said, "Be ye therefore perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect," he is not to be taken literally. We in our foolish ignorance think that the superconscious stage, which transcends the realm of speech and thought, is a lower stage, a stage very much the same as the unconscious or the hypnotic stage brought about by the constant dwelling of the mind on one subject. Little do we dream in our arrogance that if the constant dwelling and concentration of the mind on one subject will produce hypnotism, we are already hypnotised by thoughts of love of money or power, or some such trifling thing which to-day is and to-morrow will not be. Little do we stop to think that if the going beyond consciousness by thinking on God, developing all our faculties to their highest, and preserving all our energies from being squandered in the lower plane, be a hypnotised condition, it is worse hypnotism to think, in the face of naked facts to the contrary, that we are free, that whatever our senses reach and reason thinks is true. Shake off all such foolish ideas, therefore, and follow your own religion, or whatever form of belief you believe in, know that nothing can destroy you; you create your own heaven or hell. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," and you will find it as soon as you like. Find that within and see that the universe is God's playground and He has not left the management of it in the hands of anybody, and that man by whatever he is doing is coming nearer and nearer to the Deity.

Arguments have been raised to the effect that the preaching of universal sympathy and the toleration shown towards all religions will destroy religion entirely, will take off that intensity from men's religious belief which proceeds from the fact of their recognition that their religion alone is the true one. Shall we, then, let men

continue in their faith of the infallibility of their own religion alone? Will it not be better not to open our eyes at all to the light which the researches of reason, of history, of science, and of real religion is bringing before us every day? The Vedānta answers in the first place, follow truth, wherever it leads you. Truth will never conform itself to the individual or society, but they must conform themselves to it. Faith and belief gain their strength by being based on truth, but no amount of belief in any untruth will strengthen one's position.

Secondly, that it is unreasonable and false to say that the sympathy that you extend towards other religions would be at the expense of the intensity of faith in your own. Believe as intensely as you can in the infallibility of your own, follow it out in your daily life, at the same time believe that other religions are also as good in reaching God for minds which think differently from you. As in society there must be united action in conformity with the social laws, and also liberty for individual action, so also in the field of religion, every religion must have perfect individual freedom and yet there must be active sympathy for all others. Does the individual unit when acting in conformity with the social laws, trying to do good for the whole, limit his own personal freedom, or bring that good at the expense of the liberty of individual action? Hence active sympathy and toleration is only possible when we look upon other religions in the same light as we do our own, when we believe in the infallibility of not only our own but of other religions also. We will have to learn the great fact, that if one religion is false the others are false also, and if one is true the others are true too. For if religion and revelation come through the process of evolution, it cannot be the exclusive property of any one sect or any one individual. It is common as God's wind and rain, which comes both to the just and unjust; it is like the universal space, embracing everything that is sentient and insentient.

The Missing Tenth; Reckoning without the host.

Ten men, disciples of a guru whose name was Aviveka-pûrana (i.e., one who was perfect in his ignorance) crossed a river hand-in-hand and when they reached the other shore, they began to count their number, to know if they had all of them crossed safely. One man counted and said with alarm that they were only nine. Another counted and said the same. A third counted and he also said the same. Now the whole party got excited and began to beat their breasts and tear their hair, though the fact was that they were ten and that each man who counted, did so leaving himself. Then seeing a man seated calmly at a distance, they went to him and, complaining of their fate, requested him to help them in discovering the missing member who, they knew not, was dead or alive. The calm man seeing their distress and the foolish mistake which originated it, said to them out of great pity, "You are really ten. The mistake was in your counting, for each one counted all others, but himself. Then he asked every one to utter his name and separated him from the rest and counting one, two, three and lastly ten. They were very anxious till nine ended, and then when the number ten came, they danced with joy and thanking their saviour went their way.

The story is a beautiful allegory of the lot of man. The Avivekapûrana guru is Avidya, ignorance. The river represents Moha (passion) on crossing which and not

before, does man begin to think of himself, to see if he is safe, if everything is right with him. He finds that there are only nine elements in him—seer, seeing and thing seen, doer, doing and the deed and enjoyer, enjoyment and thing enjoyed and trembles to find that he is not whole. He distinctly remembers that there was another but is unable to find out whether he is or is not, (the same question as was put by Nachiketas to Yama, "Some say that after death the Self exists, others that it does not. Clear my doubt concerning this.") He weeps at his loss and then approaching the Guru, the calm man at a distance in the story, requests him with tears in his eyes to help him in discovering the lost tenth. The Guru does not create anything new, but only points out what had been forgotten and left uncounted, by naming and separating the nine by *neti, neti*, (not this, not this) till at last the tenth which remains finds itself. Just as in the story the tenth man finds himself, after the nine are separated from him, so the Atman finds itself as soon as the Chetana and Achetana prakritis which together constitute the nine-fold samsara abovementioned, as seer, seeing, thing seen, &c., and with which it was confounded are distinguished from it. When man thus knows himself he thanks and extols the Guru and dances with joy exclaiming, "I am not any of the nine, nor am I the aggregate of the nine. One to nine all begin from me and end in me, for it is I that counted them. By their side I am the counter, the witness and considered along with them I am the tenth and the last (Lingam), but in myself I am neither one nor two and stand on ever separate."

A RECLUSE.

Shankara, Teacher of India.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

A short time ago, an esteemed friend of mine who has devoted much study to Buddhism in writing of Indian philosophy, drew a comparison between Shakya Muni and Shankara, saying that while the Saint of the Gotamas might well be compared to the founder of the Christian religion, Shankara could only rank with philosophers, like Kant and Schopenhauer.

Now, it seems to me that, while this comparison does justice to one side of the great Vedantin's character, as his lucid insight and cogent reasoning may be equalled, but are certainly not surpassed, by the greatest minds of our own or classical times, it quite fails to take into account another side of Shankara's life, which is of the greatest interest, though too generally ignored by the writers on Indian philosophy.

I shall try to outline this side of the teacher's work, using materials gathered, for the most part, in Southern India, among living followers of the master of Advaita philosophy. It has been noted, in passing, by several writers that during his short lifetime Shankara, besides writing his famous Commentaries, founded three Monasteries, or Colleges, the chief of which was at Shringeri in the northern part of the province of Mysore. But I do not remember to have seen it clearly stated that the great organisation of which Shringeri was the centre, is full of life and vigor at the present day and has influential branches, not only throughout the Deccan, Madras, and Bombay, but even in Northern India, Benares, and Lower Bengal. To this organisation belong all the best and most influential students of the Advaita doctrine; and chiefs or overseers are appointed for each province, whom we might well call bishops and doctors in philosophy.

The life of the central organisation at Shringeri has been preserved in a wonderful and peculiarly Oriental way. Just as Shankara himself during his lifetime chose pupils whom he initiated into the deepest mysteries of his esoteric doctrine, so each chief of the Shringeri College chooses his successor, generally selecting a youth or even a boy of quite tender years; and this elect pupil is trained during the life of his superior in all the wisdom which comes down from the first great head of the College, who himself was but the follower of earlier sages, stretching back in unbroken line to the dim dawn of the Vedic age. There is thus what we may well call an apostolic succession, with the single difference that the chief is in each case selected, not by a college of dignitaries or royal mandate, but by his immediate predecessor, who chose him, as I have said, at an early age, and watched over the gradual growth of his mind, character, and learning. Each chief of Shringeri is spoken of as the Shankaracharya; the name of the founder having become a title of honor; and the present Shankaracharya is a man of the highest character, a magnetic personality, a fine Sanskrit scholar, and a perfect master of all the intricacies of the Vedanta philosophy, familiar with the works of his great predecessors. A discourse of his, delivered during one of his periodical visits to the outlying organisations which are under the control of the Shringeri College, was recently published; and it bears, in thought and language, the clearest resemblance to the works of the great Shankara; such as the *Tattva Bodha*, or the *Atma-Anatma Viveka*.

To such an apostolic succession as that established by Shankara at Shringeri the Indian schools of philosophy give the name of *Guru-parampara*,—the same term, it will be noted, which Shankara himself uses in his Commentaries on the *Chhandogya* and *Brhadaranyaka Upanishads*, where he speaks of the teaching of Rebirth, or Reincarnation, having been handed down as a secret esoteric doctrine, by the line of teachers, or *Guru-parampara* of the Rajput race, before being revealed to the Brahmans. The Upanishads themselves contain lists of very ancient lines of teachers, which go back to mythological ages and invariably lead up to the deity, as their first founder and, within historical times, we find constant traces of the same institution, as, for instance, in the case of Shankara himself, who was the pupil of Govinda Guru, the pupil of Gaudapada.

There is a tradition in Southern India, among the followers of Shankara's school, that this Gaudapada, who is known to us as the author of a poem expanding the ideas of the *Mandukya Upanishad*, is the same person as Patanjali, the Author of the *Yoga Sutras*. If this tradition represents a historical fact, it will be necessary for us to date Shankara not more than two generations later than Patanjali, or some time in the second century before the Christian era; and I have been assured by many Brahmans connected with Shringeri, that the lists of Gurus, still preserved in the archives of the College there, fully bear out this date for the great Vedantin teacher notwithstanding that the accepted opinion among European scholars is that the first Shankaracharya lived in the eighth century of our era. Up to the present, however, I have not been able to obtain a satisfactory copy of this list of Gurus; several which have been published being imperfect or incomplete, so that it seems best to leave the matter open, merely recording the fact that this tradition exists and is widely accepted by the followers of Shankara themselves. I have further seen it stated that the lists in the minor Colleges founded by Shankara also fully

bear out the same date; but further evidence is necessary before we can come to any definite conclusion.

It will at once be seen that the Shringeri College and the organisation of which it is the head are perfectly analogous to the Lamaic system of Tibet, and we may very well compare the Chief of Shringeri with the Teshu Lama. I believe I am right in saying that the Chief of the Mysore College is invariably a celibate, like the first Shankaracharya, while his deputies in the various provinces are married men, following the old Brahmanical laws for households. It is interesting to note that Mysore State, in the northern part of which the College of Shringeri is situated, still largely conforms, even in its temporal government, to the Brahmanical ideals, the dominant powers being strictly orthodox, and thus furnishing our best analogy to the political conditions of Buddha's day when the Brahmans practically ruled even in affairs of state, as ministers and diplomatists, not less than as teachers and priests.

The great organisation founded by Shankara has withstood unshaken the conquering armies of the Prophet; and when we consider the great learning and high philosophical training of its living followers, we may be confident that this closely knit association of Advaita schools will in no way be weakened or changed by contact with Western thought, which has too often been but another name for the most ignorant materialism, especially when coming into contact with Eastern faiths.

It will thus be evident that the comparison with Kant and Schopenhauer by no means does justice to this side of Shankara's work. If we can imagine that Paul, instead of Peter, had founded the hierarchy of the Christian Church, to perpetuate and preserve the mystical teachings which we find in his Letters to Colossi, Galatia, and Corinth, we shall have a much truer parallel. Or if we could conceive a practical reformer, such as tradition tells us Pythagoras was, leaving writings like the Platonic dialogues, we shall again approach to a truer conception of Shankara's work. If we had an apostolic succession of masters in Greek philosophy, each bearing the name and inheriting the thought of the greatest pupil of Socrates, lasting through the centuries, supplying an inner, philosophic side to the successive phases of popular religion; and conserving, as the heart of a widely extended and powerful organisation, the highest ideals of Plato's best thought, we should be more in a position to understand in what relation Shankara the Teacher stands not only to Indian philosophy but also to Indian life.

Many of the finest scholars and most influential men among the followers of Shankara affiliated with the Shringeri College are also graduates of the English universities in India and are prominent as lawyers or administrators under the present Government; their position as such in no way interfering with their relations to the great Vedanta College, just as their studies in European science or history in no way clash with their earlier allegiance to Advaita idealism, since their intellectual training has thoroughly fitted them to find a just and harmonious relation between our physical knowledge and their own metaphysical theories.

We are not in a position to judge how far the numerous traditions of Shankara's life, preserved in the popular histories, are faithful records handed down from contemporary sources; and I am far from holding that the element of the so-called supernatural, which often tinges them, justifies us in rejecting the pictures they give us of the great Vedantin's personality. But what we know of Shankara's practical work, as embodied in the great and powerful organisation I have described in outline, is quite

sufficient to show that the Advaita teacher must have been a man of rare power of character, endowed with a commanding will, as well as with a penetrating intellect; for no man of less magnetic force could have persuaded his contemporaries to found and support such colleges completely devoted to his ideals, especially when we remember that his work lay almost wholly among the Brahmans, whose class had long grown old in privilege and power; and with these, as we know from Buddha's life, had inherited a profoundly conservative suspicion of change.

That this powerful body should have continued to cherish, and should cherish to-day, an ideal of the highest and most abstract philosophy, with a vast body of learning continually added to, though already of great compass at Shankara's death, is the liveliest testimony to his genius and power, as a ruler of men, not less than as an illuminer of minds.

The very reasons which make the excellence of the schools founded by Shankara—the fact that they deal with the loftiest and most abstract regions of philosophy, and appeal almost wholly to intellectual and cultivated minds—have been the causes that we have not, for Shankara, as for Buddha, a mass of legends full of popular feeling and emotions, such as sway the minds of the masses, appealing rather to the ignorant than the learned.

Shankara is thus a figure for whom it would be difficult to find a parallel; as, indeed, to furnish comparisons, we have been compelled to resort to imagination; a philosopher of the highest rank, who, not content with the world of abstract thought, went forth into the world of men; seeking, and finding pupils who should accept and carry out his teachings, and impressing his will on their minds with such imperious power that his best ideals are perpetuated and preserved, by a hierarchy of philosophers, to the present day.

A word in conclusion as to Shankara's teaching. Briefly stated, it is this: The cause of the sorrow and suffering of mankind is a belief in the reality and isolated existence of the personal life. But the personality, with the fate of which each one of us identifies himself, has no real existence; it is nothing but an image of the body in the mind, and its sufferings are imaginary. Its original cause is the "beginningless, ineffable unwisdom" of separation; and this illusion of isolated being is dispelled by an insight, which we may well call illumination, or inspiration. When the false self is dispelled, Shankara tells us, the real Self rises in the heart, as the sun shines out when the clouds are dispersed. The real Self is the self of all beings; hence the revelation of it brings an end of egotism, of the sense of separate life. The real Self is, further, the reality underlying all outward things; hence its possession makes an end of all lust and desire for outward things. Thus the realisation of the selfless Self destroying all egotism and lust, makes an end of the sorrow of the world. But this illumination, which is perfect freedom, must be led up to by right understanding; for the errors of the mind are the true cause of bondage. Hence the necessity for a sane and broad philosophy, and for schools and teachers to preserve and perpetuate this philosophy. To supply this necessity, was the aim of Shankara's life-work.—(From the *Open Court*.)

I have none related to me;
Yet all here are my relations;
It is I that create relatives;
It is I that destroy relatives;
It is I that am dear to all my relatives;
Wedded to the Lord who has no relations,
—This is what my daughter (mind) says to me;
And ye men who are related to me, what shall I say to you?

True Greatness or Vasudeva Sastry.

By T. C. NATARAJAN.

CHAPTER XII.

My readers would easily have guessed who the young man was who was thus shouting at such an hour. Sreenivasan quickly ran towards the voice he heard in response to his shouts, but what was his disappointment when instead of the Siddha, his self-elected guru, whom he so eagerly sought, he found an old black pandaram wearing a dirty garua cloth and resting under a shade waiting for a ball of rice from the food that would be offered to the Deity. Poor Sreenivasan turned away more quickly than he went and flew into the temple, while the pandaram who saw him thus run away growled a little and kept quiet without caring to rise and see what the matter was.

Sreenivasan's feelings at the juncture could be more easily imagined than described. He had left his home with the expectation of meeting the Siddha at this place, for so he had promised, and the poor youth had taken the train to Trichy fondly believing that his mysterious friend with miraculous powers would do the distance by flying. He had foolishly swallowed up every big lie that had been said of the Siddha—such was his anxiety and eagerness to obtain a teacher—and had really fancied that his 'guru' was no less than God in human form. He himself did not want the so-called Siddhis, flying in the air and the like, but only that freedom from the bondage of Samsara which true wisdom brings; but the Siddha had told him that the latter was impossible without the former and that the Siddhis were the only signs by which the real gnani could be discovered. It now clearly struck him that he had been deceived, though he did not know that the Siddha had left his father-in-law's house immediately after his own departure and with the gentleman's cash chest. He was sorely troubled in heart and knew not what to do or where to go. He was not willing to return to his father-in-law's house, and he had no house of his own to go to, for he was a poor orphan. He fondly believed for a while that his guru might after all be no cheat, that something might have detained him on the way and that he might yet make his appearance. He did not know that the Siddha came to Madura not for the purpose of finding a suitable disciple in his person, but for several others not the least of which was the abduction of his wife and that he was fortunately frustrated in his object by the timely appearance of Vasudeva Sastry and that to make the best of a bad bargain he fled away only with the cash chest.

Sreenivasan stayed the whole day on the rock fasting and every moment expecting the Siddha, but the latter did not turn up; then in the evening he piteously complained of his lot to God Ganesha saying, "Is this the reward for having sought Thee? Is this the way in which Thou sufferest innocent seekers like me to be deluded?" Great men have said, "Just think of Him only one moment with sincerity and with all your soul; then He is sure to be at your service. Pronounce His name only once; and He is yours for ever." Are they also liars? The Image of course made no reply. He then thought that his bhakti was not sincere enough, that he did not love God with his whole soul and he resolved to make penance for obtaining God. The story of Dhrnva the infant bhakta came to his mind and he said to himself "While even that child obtained God by penance, how much more easily should I. Really no one on earth thinks of God. As Sankara has said, children are addicted to

play, young men to young women and old men to care, but no one desires God. Yes, I shall from this moment think of Him and Him alone, think till tears roll down from my eyes, as many a great sage did of old. I shall weep in torrents and never rest till I find Him or at least find a guru who will lead me to Him."

He spent the whole night on the rock without sleeping a wink. His body sadly wanted sleep, but he would not close his eyes and sat muttering, "Siva, Siva, Siva," and whenever he felt sleep overtaking him, he hit his leg with a stone which he held in his hand for the purpose. In spite of these strong and repeated efforts to keep off sleep, he slept away unconsciously for over two hours in the middle of the night and then he suddenly started up and, finding that he had fallen asleep, he heartily cursed himself and hit his hands, feet and head with the stone. Then he resumed his muttering and wept that he did not love God enough. He was anxious to find God or at least the guru that will show Him before the break of day, so he redoubled his penance saying, "Gajendra Alvar called God only once when he was seized by the crocodile and God at once came to his rescue. But I have called Him more than thousand times 'Siva, Siva, Siva,' but He has not made his appearance, which shows I have not even a ten thousandth part of the elephant's bhakti. No, this won't do." The day broke but God had not come. But Sreenivasan did not despair, he increased his austerity, wept and wept till all his clothes got wetted and fasted the whole of that day also, expecting every moment that God would come personally or send one of his messengers; but nothing of the kind happened. Then he began to abuse Him as cruel, unmerciful and so on, but He remained insensible to even abuses. After half-past six o'clock in the evening, he felt exceedingly hungry and was unable to endure the torturing sensation. "God is dumb, deaf and blind," he said, "I do not care for Him. Instead of praying to Him I might as well pray to the rock on which I sit." So saying he threw away the stone which he held in his hand to chastise himself with for his want of seriousness and got down slowly with a view to take some supper in some hotel.

In the meanwhile Vasudeva Sastry had come to Trichy, and had spent all the day in searching for him in the various hotels and other public places. He had wandered from one end of the town to the other and left no corner, not even small lanes unsearched. He found nobody who could give him any information about the object of his search and in the evening after sunset he climbed up the rock to see if he may not be found there. He was ascending and Sreenivasan was descending just at the same time. A few seconds more and they would have met, but just then there appeared before him a dark looking middle aged man with a strange wild look in his face and beckoning him in a mysterious manner took him away to a retired corner close by.

I am the three-eyed Lord of whom people speak;
I am the four-faced Brahma of whom people speak;
I am the gods of whom people speak;
I am the Lord of gods of whom people speak;
I am the sages of whom people speak;
Wedded to the cloud-colored Lord of whom people speak,
—This what my daughter (mind) says;
And ye men of the world what shall I say to you?